Pam. Misc.

1573 C6

No. 1.

MISSIONARY PAPERS.

CONTENTS.

Will Christianity prevail in India - - - - - - - - 1
Illustrations of Hindooism - - - - - - - - - 12
Extent and Success of Missions in India - - - - - - 17
Kekela's Letter to Abraham Lincoln - - - - - - - 17
What the Savage Islanders did for the New Ship - - - - - 21
Letter to the Children about the Morning Star - - - - - 23

CHICAGO:
AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS,
PUBLISHED BY THE DISTRICT SECRETARY, 51 LA SALLE ST.
1866.

CHURCH, GOODMAN & DONNELLEY'S STEAM PRESS.

Pastors and others desiring copies of this pamphlet for circulation, will be furnished them by mail or otherwise, at the rate of twenty for $1.00.

Address,

REV. S. J. HUMPHREY,
District Secretary.

51 LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.

"The first nine months of the financial year of the Board closed on the 31st of May. The receipts for this time were $282,857. This is more than $8,000 less than was received during the same period last year, and leaves $224,000 of the sum appropriated for the current year to be obtained within the remaining three months. This simple statement sufficiently indicates the call for prompt and generous effort."—*Missionary Herald.*

In the *North-western District* the receipts for the first eight months of the Board's financial year were $4,480.88 in advance of those of the same period last year. But a large falling off in the May receipts diminishes this gain by $1,135.74. It is greatly to be hoped that the income of the remaining two months, July and August, will retrieve this deficit and enable us to show at the end of the year a large and substantial increase in our beneficence for foreign missions.

District Secretary.

134344

WILL CHRISTIANITY PREVAIL IN INDIA? *

BY REV. E. BISSELL, OF THE MAHRATTA MISSION.

In one of my tours among the Mahratta villages, I met toward the close of the day, a little company of men at the rest-house. After conversing a while, they asked me to pray, that they might know how christians worshiped God. I assented, and offered a short prayer. They listened in silence, and at the end said, "Well done, that is a good way to pray." Then one of them, a wealthy and influential man, addressed me in the following somewhat remarkable words: "Sahib, your religion is true, and it will prevail in this land. If we do not embrace it our children will—or if *they* do not *their* children will, for it is true and must prevail." He spoke as if in earnest and I have no doubt uttered not only his own convictions but those of a large number of his countrymen.

The prophecy thus finding expression at this man's lips, is confirmed by the promises of God and the experience of the missionaries who labor there. The gospel has entered India and encamped to remain. It is mightily assaulting that stronghold of Satan on many sides. Three thousand years the powers of darkness have been entrenching themselves, and training the people to resist all invasion from the allied hosts of God's elect. But the seemingly impregnable fortress now begins to yield, and the final triumph is sure, for an Almighty arm has undertaken the work.

The place of my own labors for the last twelve or fifteen years, has been on that part of the western coast of India, called the Mahratta country, of which Bombay is the capital. It is the conflict on this field of which I am now to speak.

The Mahratta country embraces some 300 miles of the coast, north and south of Bombay, reaching inland 450 miles, and

* The substance of this address, has been delivered in many churches, East and West. On the eve of Mr. Bissell's return to India he has been persuaded to prepare it, somewhat hastily, for publication. Those who have heard it from his lips will be glad to see it in this form. Others to whom it may come, will find in it a most interesting account of the way of the gospel in that dark land.

contains a population of about eleven millions. This is not one tenth part of India; for, divided into States, Hindostan would make more than thirty of the size of Ohio; and it contains a population nearly six times that of the whole United States.

To know whether the gospel is to prevail in India, we need to understand what obstacles it meets there, and how it overcomes them. I will notice briefly three prominent obstacles: *Ignorance, the Caste System, and Idolatry.*

Ignorance.—It is not easy to give a correct idea of the full import of this word as applied to the Hindoos. As used in this land it is a *comparative* term. An ignorant man or community, means one less intelligent than people generally. But in India it is an *absolute* term. The Hindoo knows nothing that is worth knowing, and what he thinks he knows is but delusion. Only about five per cent. of the people can read at all—few of these intelligently. Their literature, contained in their sacred books, is made up of a little false Geography, a little false Astronomy, and a great deal of false History and Theology. All this, retailed to the people by the Brahmins, the priestly caste, is the foundation of their opinions. False notions of their Creator and themselves—false notions of the world in which they live, and the world to which they are going! The question is sometimes asked, "Why not send Bibles and tracts by the ship-load, and scatter them broadcast over the land?" But books do not dispel ignorance unless they are read. Only five in a hundred of the people *can* read, and most of them *would not* read christian books. The *living missionary* must go with the Bible in his hand to secure its being read. In a village I once visited, a sheriff came to me for a primer for his boy, that he might learn to read. These primers I used to give to the poor, but of the rich asked two pice * each — a mere nominal price. The man refused to buy, but begged one as a gift. Adhering to my rule, I left the place without giving it to him. After going a short distance, I looked back and saw the boy running after me. I thought the man had at last concluded to buy the book, but I was mistaken; he had sent his boy with *one* pice, hoping I would at least remit half the price of the primer. Now this you may take as that man's estimate of the value of an education

* One pice—three-fourths of a cent.

for his son. *Three-fourths of a cent* he would give to buy his son the means of learning to read, but twice that sum he would not expend; and this man, on the occasion of that boy's marriage, would perhaps spend a hundred Rupees † in loading him with ornaments and gay clothing, and feasting the lazy Brahmins. *That* he would think was the proper way of spending money.

"Over the ocean wave, far, far away,
There the poor heathen live, waiting for day,
Groping in ignorance dark as the night,
With no blessed Bible to give them the light;
Pity them, pity them, christians at home,
Haste with the bread of life, hasten and come."

2. *The Caste System* is a great obstacle to the truth. The word caste, means *kind* or *species*. The same word which is used of men is also applied to animals and trees. The orthodox Hindoo theory is, that the Creator in the beginning formed four distinct castes of men. The first of these issued from his mouth, the second from his breast, the third from his loins, and the fourth from his feet. But now, instead of four, probably full fifty distinctions are recognized. When the question "Who are you?" is asked of a Hindoo, he answers it by simply giving his caste. "Who are you?" "I am a *Brahmin*," or, "a *Kunabi*," as the case may be. This is supposed to be the most important item of information respecting a man, and sufficiently defines him. His rights and privileges—where he may go, and where he may not—are then understood. And to maintain this social position intact is one chief aim of his life. The different castes may talk together, buy or sell to each other, etc.; but they may not intermarry, eat or drink together, nor if widely separated, may they touch each other. Between the highest and lowest the chasm is awful. Even the shadow of the Mahar falling upon the Brahmin is polluting. If the low-caste servant brings an official letter, he never places it in the hand of his master, but throws it down at his feet. Oftentimes when I have offered the Brahmin a book, he has refused to receive it unless I would lay it upon the ground—or at least cover my hand with a cloth as I passed it to him, lest some possible pollution might be carried over from me to his sacred person.

† One Rupee—half a dollar.

Now, the gospel gives no place to this caste system. It teaches that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men;" that all are the children of one parent. When a Hindoo becomes a christian he accepts this truth, and hence by his countrymen he is thought to fall out of their social system entirely, and sinks down to the position of an outcast. All his social rights are forfeited. He is an exile in his native land, and an alien in his father's house. When Vishnupunt, originally a Brahmin, now pastor of the second church in Ahmednuggur, became a christian, his parents not only disowned him as an apostate, but they said, "We have no son. Our son is dead:" and they performed the usual funeral rites, as if he were really dead. Such is the ordeal through which the convert from Hindooism must often pass in embracing christianity. To this would be added personal violence, were it not for the protection of civil law, and often it is done in the face of law. What an obstacle to the progress of christianity this system of caste, so tenaciously held, must be, needs no further illustration to show. It drives away inquirers, holds back the timid believer, and sometimes even enters the church, and alienates members from each other.

3. *Idolatry.*—This is an obstacle perhaps even greater than caste. Idol-worship is not only a lie in itself, but it debases and stupefies the man almost beyond the comprehension of moral truth. You have read that description of the idols of the heathen in the 115th Psalm, "Eyes have they, but they see not. They have ears but they hear not, etc.;" and at the close of the description it is added, "they that make them are like unto them, so is every one that trusteth in them." That psalm was penned by one who had lived among the heathen, and seen the degrading effects of a system of idolatry continued through many generations; and he says *the people are just as stupid as the blocks they worship.* The love of truth is gone, the moral sense is blunted, falsehood and delusion are the very atmosphere in which they live. You have read much of the cruelty of the Hindoos—of their widow-burning, hook-swinging, and painful penances—but painful as these things are, this other phase of Hindooism seems to me scarcely less pitiable—its *stupefying, deadening influence*

*upon the intellect and heart.** Religious worship, which should be solemn and impressive, becomes with them, puerile and frivolous. Penance is substituted for repentance, and bodily contortions for heart-homage. Not idols alone are worshiped. They see an imaginary deity in everything. Men and animals, birds and reptiles, stones and trees, in turn become objects of worship. The Mahrattas have one day in the year set apart for the worship of the crows. They prepare a feast and carry it out to these birds, and call it a dinner for the spirits of their fathers. Ask them why the crows rather than other birds, represent their ancestors. and they have no reason to give, only that their fathers regarded it so. Another day in the year is devoted to the worship of the cobra, a poisonous serpent. A third day each year is given to the worship of their oxen. They paint the horns of their dumb beasts, bedeck them with tassels and trinkets, lead them in solemn (!) procession down to a river, bathe and worship them, and the next day yoke them to the plow and whip them. Could anything bearing the name of religious rites be more contemptible! Could any depth of delusion be more pitiable! †

It is sometimes asked, are not these simple notions after all harmless? As an illustration of their influence upon the character and customs of the people, take the following: It is one of the favorite doctrines of the high-caste Hindoos that all life is from God, and is equally sacred. Hence the inference that it is just as great charity to preserve the life of an animal as that of a man. In consistence with this tenet they have built a poor-house at Bombay for diseased and superannuated cows, cats and dogs. There the miserable creatures, which it would be mercy to kill at once, are permitted to drag out a wretched life till nature relieves them. And this is Hindoo charity! And I know not of a poor-house for men and women in all India, built before christianity came there. I have seen the Hindoo take a

* The ignorance, fatalism and mere animality of the devotee of idols defies all description. Discourse on spiritual things to him is, to use one of his own similes—like playing the lute to a buffalo. He is *content* in his physical, mental and moral degradation. "A full stomach is my heaven." "My stomach will soon cry out if I begin to think of any thing beyond my work"—is his language.

† Looking upon such follies, seeing them change the glory of the uncorruptible God into grotesque images of every conceivable thing—and in the absence of the forms their hands have made, bowing down, even to the loathsome reptiles crawling at their feet—how often have we uttered with new emphasis the words of Paul—they "became vain in their imaginations and their foolish heart was darkened. Professing themselves to be wise, they *became fools!*"

handful of sugar or rice, and going out into the field, drop a pinch here and a pinch there over the *ant-holes* to feed these insects. Why not? That handful of sugar would feed a *thousand* ants, and scarcely suffice for *one man.* How much better to feed a thousand living beings than one!

Such are the people, and such the obstacles which the gospel encounters in India. This stolid ignorance, these bulwarks of caste, this dead stupidity induced by the worship of blocks and stones for many centuries, seem well nigh invincible. And now, will the Bible make its way there in the face of such difficulties? Has the gospel power to enter this stronghold of Satan, and dispossess the usurper? I answer unhesitatingly, YES. The work is great—the obstacles immense, but the gospel is a sovereign remedy—the word of God is quick and powerful.

We sometimes see this power illustrated more strikingly in the case of one man, than when we speak of a whole community. I remember on one of my tours, a poor man whose name was Pandu came extending both hands like a suppliant, and supposing him a beggar, I dropped a few pence in his hand and was turning away. He was a victim of that terrible disease, the black leprosy. This scourge, not uncommon in India, begins its work in the joints, the fingers, toes, and organs of the face, and eats them off inch by inch; thus the man may be ten or a dozen years in dying. I have seen the leper, who is generally a beggar, extend a hand for charity which had nothing left but the round palm on which to receive alms. In Pandu the disease was in its first stages, and the catechist who lived at his village told me he was interested in the truth. Said he, "a few weeks ago Pandu was the vilest man in the place. He would abuse with obscene language every one who came near him, and beat his wife cruelly. He seemed to hate every body; no one would let his *dog* go to Pandu's house, the poor animal would be so ill-treated. One day in a rage he seized an old razor and tried to end his miserable existence. The screams of his wife brought a christian neighbor, who wrested the weapon from his hands, and saved his life." While he was suffering from the wound he had inflicted, the catechist visited him, helped him kindly, and read to him from the Bible. This kindness won his heart. He saw there was something in christianity which was not in Hindooism.

As he recovered, he began to attend the meetings of the catechist. He gave up his habit of vile abuse, and his whole life was changed. Even the heathen noticed it with wonder, and acknowledged that christianity had made Pandu a new man. Leaving his home, he came twenty miles to my place of residence, and spent some weeks there attending our daily meetings. He asked to be received into the church, and, after some months of trial, was approved. He was to be received as soon as I could visit his village, and baptize him in the presence of his own people. But a few days after returning home he was taken seriously ill. The catechist told me of his last days. Said he, "he wanted me to read the Bible and pray with him all the time." He said he should not get well, and that he had but one regret; that was, *he had not yet professed Christ and been baptized.* "I am afraid I shall not be received up there, because I have not the seal on me." The catechist comforted him—told him that if he trusted in Christ with all his heart, he would not be rejected because he had not an opportunity of being baptized. He said, "I do believe in Christ, He is my only Saviour." He charged his wife, who was not a christian, to have no heathen rites performed at his funeral. "I am a christian at heart, let the christians bury me." And the christians did bury him, and mourned for him as for a brother. And I verily believe Pandu's name will be found in the Book of Life, though it is not on our church roll here on earth. Now think how low the gospel reached down to save that man! As vile and loathsome as he could make himself—a leper in body and soul—the gospel still found something to take hold of, and lifting him up, transformed him into a humble, trusting believer in Christ. And as he lay down on the bare ground to die, he could sing at heart as you and I hope to do,

"Jesus can make a dying bed,
Feel soft as downy pillows are"—

because he had that blessed hope which the gospel gives—that *precious hope which can bridge over the chasm between this world and the next*, and make the transit safe and easy.

I have mentioned the case of Pandu as illustrating how the *gospel can reach even the lowest.* Another example will show what *living christians* the converts often become. *Yesoba* was a

man of more than ordinary thought and thrift among his people, and, taking up the business of a cattle-dealer, became comparatively wealthy. One day, when returning from the market with a bag of money, he called upon the missionary whom he had met before, and sat conversing upon the need of a Saviour. As he became convinced of his lost condition, he emptied his bag of rupees on the floor, and said with earnestness to the missionary, "Sahib, take this money and give me salvation." The missionary explained to him that the salvation of the gospel was "without money and without price;" and gathering up his rupees, he went home sad and thoughtful. But it was not long before he found the Saviour, and became his disciple. The enemies of christianity now determined to effect his ruin. His cattle were poisoned, and in this and other ways his property was mostly destroyed. He received hints that if he would renounce christianity his cattle would not die. But his reply was, "there was a man in the land of Uz, whose name was Job, and though my sorrow should equal his, I will not give up my religion." Others became christians, and a little church was organized, of which Yesoba was chosen deacon. He exerted himself to form a missionary society. The monthly concert was observed, and on the first Monday of each month he always put his *rupee* into the missionary box. In his last sickness a high-caste neighbor called, and spoke in a condoling strain of his former prosperity. "I have lost my property, true," said Yesoba, "but I have gained an inheritance in heaven which I shall never lose." Taking the hand of his children he gave each one some last advice. To his eldest son, who would have the homestead, his dying charge was, "on the first Monday never forget to give the rupee—never neglect it."

Such conquests the truth is continually making. The converts come from every caste, the highest as well as the lowest. The proud Brahmin, the high-born Mahratta, and the outcast Mahar meet in the christian church. A few years ago they would not eat in the same house, or draw water from the same well. Now they come together around the Lord's table, eat of one bread, drink of one cup, and acknowledge themselves the children of one Father, the disciples of one Saviour. In the Mahratta mission of the American Board there are now twenty-three organ-

ized churches, containing about six hundred and fifty members. And, including baptized children, the christian community numbers nearly twelve hundred. These christians are widely scattered, residing in one hundred and twenty different towns and villages, each a faithful witness for Christ among the heathen by whom he is surrounded. Four or five of these churches have already been supplied with native pastors, and other young men are now studying to prepare themselves for the sacred office. The training school at Ahmednuggur is also sending forth every year young men who labor as catechists and teachers in the surrounding districts.

The native churches are accepting the duty of supporting their pastors, and giving the gospel to their own countrymen. Several of the churches have monthly collections, and employ one of their own members to visit distant villages and preach the gospel to the people. At the anniversary meetings in October, the missionaries from all the stations, and several hundred of the native christians meet at Ahmednuggur. Many of the people bring forward their offerings to the missionary cause on these occasions. At one of these meetings, a native pastor, after making an earnest appeal, took out his purse and emptied it on the table. It contained, as we afterwards learned, twenty-six rupees, or a little more than his monthly salary as pastor of the church. The appeal enforced by the example was electric, and abundant offerings followed; not money alone, ornaments, household articles, animals, grain, etc., were given or pledged, amounting to several hundred rupees. Some gave in silence, others accompanied their offering with a few earnest words. One pastor of a church arose and said, "Last year I met with a loss—sixty-five rupees were stolen from me; I never recovered them. But this year God has kept me and mine, and I will give him the sum which I lost last year." How many would have made the loss a sufficient excuse for diminishing or withholding their contribution, yet this man made it the occasion of giving generously.

A teacher rising, said, "there was one present last year who is not here to-day." He paused a moment from deep emotion. All knew to whom he referred—his own wife, a lovely christian woman who had died within the year. He continued, "She left me a string of gold beads. I would have kept them as a me-

mento of my dear wife; but I think they would better be in the hands of Jesus."

A lad about sixteen years old, a student in the school, who, by diligence and close application, had passed an examination before some English society, and won a prize of twelve rupees, brought—*not half* of it, which would have been a generous gift—but the *whole twelve*, and gave them to the Lord.

A poor illiterate man sat near the table in a scarlet coat, worn for ornament as well as for use. He took it off deliberately, and folding it, laid it on the table—then said, "Begone, my adorning, all beauty belongs to Jesus Christ." How unlike the selfish spirit of the world, which, when it sees a beautiful object, says, "that must be mine." "No," says the Hindoo convert, "that is beautiful, therefore give it to Jesus."

A poor blind woman having taken her seat humbly just inside the door, came groping her way up the aisle, reached out her hand, caught hold first of the leg of the table, and feeling her way to the top, laid a rupee upon it.

Women, and little children even, took off their ornaments from their arms, their necks, their ears, and brought them forward joyfully for the good cause. Now, it may be said, this was an impulsive movement, and hence not so valuable. But it was an impulse in the right direction, and christian principle and the love of Christ were the foundation of it. The Oriental is proverbially impulsive, and what we want is to have all his impulses sanctified, and working for Christ. Then there will be no danger of his doing too much.

Christianity is planted in India, it has taken root, and is already bringing forth fruit. The gospel is a *real power* there. It takes hold of the hearts of men, and transforms them for Christ. If the church will put its hand to this enterprise with an energy and zeal in proportion to its magnitude and importance, India may be converted to Christ before the end of the present century. It is the conviction of many Hindoos that their own system is destined to be swept away. Thousands have lost all confidence in Hindooism, and are halting between Deism and absolute Atheism. Many believe that christianity is true and must prevail. Shall the christian have less confidence in the power of the truth than the unbelieving Hindoo? But one

of them, who had expressed the conviction of which I speak, had one question to ask. Said he, "Why is it that so many generations of our people have passed away before the gospel came here?" This was a hard question, and I could not answer it to his satisfaction. But I brought it home for the American churches, and I now give it to you. Eighteen centuries have passed since the command was given, "Preach the gospel to every creature," including the Hindoos. If the church had done its whole duty the heathen would not now be asking us such questions, but would be praising God that they had the gospel. If we have no responsibility for past generations, *we have for the present, and future ones.* Let us meet it faithfully.

On a tour to the south of Ahmednuggur I once saw in nature an illustration of the gospel's progress, which had in my mind almost the force of prophecy. Passing through the village where my tent was pitched for the day, I noticed a large tree, perhaps three feet in diameter, called the "*Bitter Nimb.*" Some twelve feet from the ground where the trunk divided into branches, there came out the top of another tree of an entirely different species—the *sacred Fig-tree.* (*Ficus Religiosa.*) The trunk of the *Nimb* near the ground was decayed on one side, and looking into the cavity I saw that the stock of the fig tree went straight down through the rotten heart of the other into the ground. It was already perhaps a foot in diameter. And there it stood like a young giant in the grasp of some huge monster, in a struggle on which each had staked its life. It was easy to see what would be the issue of the contest. Already on one side the outer trunk had been rift from the branches to the ground, but it had grown over again and the wound was healed. In another place a fresh crack gaped open so that I could thrust in my clenched hand. And by each such split the old Nimb was growing weaker, while the other gained strength and room. The fig tree by its irrepressible growth was slowly but surely bursting open the other, and soon would stand in its place. As I looked on it I thought here is illustrated what the gospel is doing in India. Hindooism is the *Bitter Nimb*—bitter as wormwood. And christianity is the sacred Fig tree. As birds of the air dropped the seed of the fig in the rotten heart of the old Nimb, and it took root there; so heavenly messengers carried the seed of gospel truth and

planted it in the midst of the old effete system of Hindooism, and it thrust its roots downward and its branches upward, and now by its vigorous growth, it is rending asunder and uprooting Hindooism, and soon will stand in its place, the beautiful *Ficus religiosa* of Bethlehem. And oh, what precious fruit it bears! A continual harvest of redeemed, sanctified souls, gathered into the garner above.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF HINDOOISM.*

The Vedas.—It is probable that the most ancient parts of the Vedas, or Sacred Books of the Hindoos, were composed as early as the age of Abraham, that is, about 2,000 B.C.

"Without a careful study of these books no real insight into the origin and growth of Hindooism is to be obtained. But to understand them is no easy task. In India itself they are no longer studied in the same sense as the Bible, or Roman and Grecian Classics are studied in Europe; for the present Brahmins care nothing for what the Vedas really contain, but the merely parrot-like utterance of the words of the Vedas according to their time-hallowed accents is deemed quite sufficient for the promotion of their bodily and spiritual welfare. There are hundreds of Brahmins now living, distinguished from the others by the name of Bhatt, who have learned by heart the whole of one of the four Vedas (each of them being, if all its several parts are counted, of a larger bulk than the Bible), without being able to tell the meaning of a single sentence. The mantras or prayers of the Vedas are regarded as a kind of magic formulas, the efficacy of which rests only in the sound and order of the words and syllables. The very words of the text are, therefore, syllable by syllable, learnt by heart with the most scrupulous accuracy, and so much so, that a good professional Bhatt, or repeater of the Vedas, is actually able to repeat by heart, without committing any mistake, even in such apparently trifling matters as accents (but in *their* eyes matter of the utmost importance), the

* From the *Indian Year Book*, 1862.

whole of one of the Vedas. They used to spend twelve to fifteen years in the merely mechanical business of learning the Vedas by heart. This practice still continues. There are some hundreds of young Brahmins at Poona alone who are devoting all their energies, zeal, and industry to this merely mechanical business to earn in after-life, as a poor return for their immense labor and toil, a monthly income of from three to four rupees!"

The following may be taken as a specimen of the contents of the Vedas:

VEDIC HYMN TO FROGS.—The *Times of India* quotes the following from Max Muller's Rig Veda Sanhita:

"The origin of this most curious song is thus related. Vasistha, desiring for a shower of rain, praised Parjanya with a hymn (7,102.) The frogs accompanied his prayer with a joyful chorus. The sage hearing them merrily croak, became extremely pleased, and made a poem on them. We give here a translation of it:

(1.) Just as Brahmins, who, faithful to their sacrificial vow, have been silent all the year, (commence their prayers anew after the vow of initiation has been fulfilled) so the frogs (after having slept for the most part of the year) have found their voice again!

(2.) When the celestial waters fill this (tank), like a leather bag lying in a desert, the frogs croak together just as the cows followed by their calves are lowing together.

(3.) When, on the approach of the rainy season, Parjanya (the god of rain) quenches the thirst of the frogs longing (for water) by a downpour, they merely croak, one following the call of the other, just as a son (follows) his father.

(4.) One (frog) goes to the other, seizing him when the waters pour down in which they both rejoice. Then the frog, wetted by the rain, is jumping to and fro, and the spotted frog mingles his voice with that of the green colored one.

(5.) One responds to the call of the other, just as a pupil is repeating the words of his teacher. You all show signs of happiness in every limb, when you make your sweet voice heard in the waters.

(6.) Among them there is one lowing like a cow; another bleats like a goat; one of them is spotted, another is green. All bear the same character though they differ in form, voice, and

color, for in many ways they modulate their voices when croaking.

* * * * * *

(10.) May the frogs give us riches! that one which lows like a cow, and that one which bleats like a goat. May the spotted and the green frogs give us riches! May the frogs which grant us hundreds of cows, prolong our lives in (this) season productive of thousand (herbs)."

In contrast with this, see a hymn of praise from our *Sacred Book*, and then let us be thankful that we live in a land of Bibles.

9. Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, *which* is full of water: thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it.

10. Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly: thou settlest the furrows thereof: thou makest it soft with showers: thou blessest the springing thereof.

11. Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness.

12. They drop *upon* the pastures of the wilderness: and the little hills rejoice on every side.

13. The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.*

Gods Quarrelling.—Miss Cross, of Bellary, writes:

"Near our house live a number of women supposed to possess supernatural power; deluded ones, wishing to know their future history, carry presents, etc., for them to divine them. A boy lives in the same house, who has attended Mr. Macartney's school. This witty little fellow one day, when all were gone out, went into the mysterious room where the gods were, and turned one upon his head, and then took another, and stuck in the feet of the first, leaving them one on the other. This occasioned the greatest consternation, and a grave consultation was held as to what could be the matter with the gods! At last it was concluded that, being left alone, they had quarrelled, and in future some one must stay at home and take care of them!" †

Arrival of Krishna at Agra.—The *Delhi Gazette* contains the following:

* Psalm lxv.

† Female Missionary Intelligencer.

"Among some other distinguished arrivals that have lately honored Agra, is that of the god Krishna, who is, we hear, 'putting up' somewhere in the city. He has come in the form of a Brahmin, and passes his time chiefly in a swing, in which he sits while being swung by married women. His presence came to our notice in consequence of one of the ladies, who left her husband to swing the god, not returning to her family. Her husband has laid a complaint before the Magistrate, and the god has been summoned to the Kutcherry to reply to the charge."

Tree Worship.—A correspondent of the *Indian Reformer* writes as follows:

"On the last day of the Bengali month of Bhadra, a very old *Bat* tree, *Ficus India*, situated about three miles from the village of Nadiya, was worshipped by no less than 10,000 people. The worshippers were, of course, ignorant husbandmen for the most part, and women and children. Seven jars of Ganges water were placed under the tree, and two Brahmins busied themselves in collecting pice and sweatmeats from the pilgrims who had come from various parts of the districts of Nadiya and Burdwan. The worship consisted only in sacrificing a large number of animals under the tree. You may wonder, but it is a fact, that, on this occasion, there were sacrificed about 200 lambs, 300 kids, and 500 pigs! A good bit round about the sacred tree the ground ran with blood."

Jain Image.—The following extract is from the *Friend of India*:

"The *Bombay Gazette* records another instance of the influence of gross superstition on even the wealthiest and most intelligent of the natives of India. Notice was given that Parisnath, the well-known Jain deity, was to appear in a field at Doopha in Oodeypore for a few days only. The Jains of Bombay, having received the joyful news by telegraph, chartered steamers for Surat, proceeded thence by railway to Ahmedabad, and thence in carriages and palankins to the miraculous exhibition. Crowds will assemble and a great fair be held. The last Avatar was at Malwa. The image rises up slowly out of the ground, remains for a time, and as slowly descends into the ground again. A hole is dug in the ground, and the bottom and sides of it are in some way hardened—a quantity of gram is then put into it—the image is placed on the gram—water is introduced into the gram, which swells and raises the image out of the ground. As the gram dries the image again sinks into the ground, and the earth is thrown

over it. Yet this is not worse than the Holy Coat, the winking Image, or the blood of St. Januarius in Europe."

THE STOMACH THE SEAT OF HINDOOISM.—Mr. Purushottam, a wealthy Hindoo, traveling in England, writes thus from London to Madras:

"Before my departure I had fully determined to continue to be a Hindoo, and nothing else, and as this could only be done by a strict adherence to, and performance of, all the injunctions, rites, and ceremonies of my caste and religion, therefore from the moment of my going on board the vessel which was to convey me to England, up to the time that I am now writing, my food has been prepared in a separate kitchen by my Hindoo servant, and the water I drink is pure from the fountain and untouched, and I have my meals apart from strangers, my daily ablutions have been regularly performed, and my prayers recited. Since my arrival in London I have been invited to entertainments given by gentlemen to whom I have been introduced, but all I partake of on such occasions, are grapes, oranges and other kinds of fruit, and a little milk, so that you perceive that nectar and fruits are under any circumstances unobjectionable."

Remarking on this the *Madras Times* says:

"We cannot conceive any person better qualified than Purushottam, by his own showing, appears to be, to support a nationality which depends on the question whether apples are eaten roasted or raw. The model Hindoo dines with English gentlemen, partakes of fruit only, and retains his nationality. But let the fruit appear in the form of a dumpling, and he is a lost Hindoo! Other religions may be seated in the mind and soul—but the stronghold of Hindooism is the stomach. A Hindoo may retain his faith against all argument, and against all violence, but mix a little bit of beef in his food, and his religion is gone! not that he renounces it, but that it repudiates him. In all religions but one, the Almighty is looked to as the protector of the poor against the oppressor: in all religions but one, he who endures to the end will receive his reward. In Hindooism alone man has the power to stand between Heaven and his fellow creatures, and to affect their fate beyond the grave. Let half a dozen Hindoos seize one of their own caste, and forcibly thrust forbidden food down his throat, and (it is a common thing) that man has ceased to have any rights in this world or the next. Is this a faith for which much trouble should be taken in resuscitating?"

EXTENT AND SUCCESS OF MISSIONS IN INDIA.

In India the Missionaries of twenty-three different societies are laboring to give the gospel to these people, sitting in the death shade of Hindooism. Eight of these organizations are in the United States—the remaining seventeen have their seat in England and on the continent.

The following statistics, brought down to the year 1862, will give an idea of the extent and success of their missions.

Area in square miles of India and Ceylon exclusive of Burmah	1,491,279
Population	182,760,764
European and American missionaries	519
Square miles to each missionary	2,734
Population to each missionary	350,397
Native Converts	153,816
Native Catechists and Preachers	1,364
Proportion of Converts to population,	1 in 1,180
Number of Converts to each missionary	296
Children under christian instruction	90,706
Proportion of pupils to population,	1 in 2,002
Number of pupils to each missionary	173

KEKELA'S LETTER TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The history of this letter, in brief, is as follows: Two or three years since, an American whale-ship touched at the Marquesas Islands for supplies. Upon going ashore, the first mate, Mr. Whalon, was seized by a cannibal chief for some injury done by a Peruvian ship's crew, and doomed to satiate, at once, the appetite and the revenge of the savage Islander. Upon the same island lived Kekela, a native Hawaiian missionary, who had been sent there, and sustained by his christian countrymen to endeavor to give this people the gospel which had so blessed themselves. Hearing of the peril of this American, he at once went to his rescue, and by his urgent entreaty, emphasized by the offer, as ransom, of a new six-oared boat, given him by a friend in Boston, and which he greatly prized, and greatly needed in his missionary work—succeeded in saving his life. This coming to the know-

ledge of Mr. Lincoln, with his characteristic recognition of noble deeds among the lowly, he sent from his own funds, it is said, five hundred dollars, to be distributed among Mr. Whalon's deliverers. The letter below was written as an acknowledgment for this generous act of our lamented President. It came, however, too late. When it reached Washington, the land was in mourning for his untimely death.

HIVAOA, March 27, 1865.

To A. LINCOLN, *President of the United States of America.*

Greetings to you, great and good friend!

My mind is stirred up to address you in friendship, by the receipt of your communication through yóur minister, resident in Honolulu, James McBride.

I greatly respect you for holding converse with such humble ones. Such you well know us to be.

I am a native of the Hawaiian Islands, from Waialua Oahu, born in 1824, and at twelve years of age attended the school at Waialua of Rev. Mr. Emerson; and was instructed in reading, writing, and mental arithmetic and geography.

In 1838 I was entered at the high school of Lahainaluna, and was under the instruction of Messrs. L. Andrews, E. W. Clark, S. Dibble and W. H. Alexander. Not being in advance of others, I remained in the school some years, and in 1843 I graduated, and was then invited and desired by the teachers to continue my studies in other branches, that is, to join a class in theology, under the Rev. S. Dibble. He died in 1845, and I and others continued the study of the Scripture under W. H. Alexander. In 1847 I graduated, having been at Lahainaluna nine years. In that year, 1847, I married a girl from my native place, who had for seven years attended a female seminary at Wailuku under the instruction of J. S. Green, E. Bailey and Miss Ogden.

In the same year 1847, I and my wife were called to Kahuku, a remote place in Koolau on Oahu, to instruct the people there in the Scriptures, and in other words of wisdom. I remained in this work for some years. It was clear to myself and to my wife that our lives were not our own, but belonged to the Lord, and, therefore, we covenanted one with the other, that we would be the Lord's, "His only, His forever." And from that time forth we yielded ourselves servants unto the Lord. In 1852, certain American missionaries, Dr. Gulick and others, were sent out on their

way to Micronesia. I was one of their company, and after seven months' absence, I returned with E. W. Clark. On my return I was employed in arousing the Hawaiians to the work of foreign missions.

In 1853 there came to our island a Macedonian cry for missionaries to Nuuhiva, brought by Matunui, a chief of Fatuhiwa.

The missionaries speedily laid hold upon me to go to this group of islands. I did not assent immediately. I stopped to consider carefully, with much prayer to God, to make clear to me that this call was from God; and I took counsel with my wife. It was evident to us that this was a call from God, therefore we consented to come to these dark, benighted and cannibal islands.

I had aged parents, and my wife beloved relatives, and we had a little girl three years old. We left them in our native land. We came away to seek the salvation of the souls of this people, because our hearts were full of the love of God. This was the only ground of our coming hither, away from our native land.

In the year 1853 we came to these cannibal islands, and we dwelt first for four years at Fatuhiwa, and in 1857 we removed to Hivaoa, another island, to do the work of the Lord Jesus; and from that time until now, we have striven to do the work of Jesus Christ, without regard for wealth or worldly pleasure. We came for the Lord, to seek the salvation of men, and this is our only motive for remaining in this dark land.

When I saw one of your countrymen, a citizen of your great nation, ill-treated, and about to be baked and eaten, as a pig is eaten, I ran to save him, full of pity and grief at the evil deed of these benighted people. I gave my boat for the stranger's life. This boat came from James Hunnewell, a gift of friendship. It became the ransom of this countryman of yours, that he might not be eaten by the savages who knew not Jehovah. This was Mr. Whalon, and the date, Jan. 14, 1865.

As to this friendly deed of mine in saving Mr. Whalon, its seed came from your great land, and was brought by certain of your countrymen, who had received the love of God. It was planted in Hawaii, and I brought it to plant in this land and in these dark regions, that they might receive the root of all that is good and true, which is *love*.

1. Love to Jehovah.
2. Love to self.
3. Love to our neighbor.

If a man have a sufficiency of these three, he is good and holy,

like his God, Jehovah, in his triune character (Father, Son and Holy Ghost), one-three, three-one. If he have two and wants one, it is not well; and if he have one and wants two, this, indeed is not well; but if he cherishes all three, then is he holy, indeed, after the manner of the Bible.

This is a great thing for your great nation to boast of, before all the nations of the earth. From your great land a precious seed was brought to the land of darkness. It was planted here, not by means of guns and men-of-war and threatenings. It was plant ed by means of the ignorant, the neglected, the despised. Such was the introduction of the word of the Almighty God into this group of Nuuhiva. Great is my debt to Americans, who have taught me all things pertaining to this life, and to that which is to come.

How shall I repay your great kindness to me? Thus David asked of Jehovah, and thus I ask of you, the President of the United States. This is my only payment—that which I have received of the Lord—aloha.—love.

I and my wife, Naomi, have five children, the first with Miss Ogden, the second with Rev. J. S. Emerson; we now send the third to live with Rev. L. H. Gulick; the fourth is with Kauwealoha, my fellow missionary, and the fifth is with us at present. Another stranger is soon expected. There is heaviness in thus having to scatter the children where they can be well taken care of.

We have received your gifts of friendship according to your instructions to your minister, James McBride. Ah! I greatly honor your interest in this countryman of yours. It is, indeed, in keeping with all I have known of your acts as President of the United States.

A clear witness this in all lands of your love for those whose deeds are love, as saith the Scripture, "Thou shalt love Jehovah, and shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

And so may the love of the Lord Jesus abound with you until the end of this terrible war in your land.

I am, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) James Kekela.

WHAT THE SAVAGE ISLANDERS DID FOR THE NEW SHIP.

Those who are taking stock in the new Morning Star will be glad to know that many of the children in England have just been engaged in the same kind of work. They are building a new "*John Williams.*" The following letter will show they were not alone in the undertaking, but that children in the far-off islands of the Pacific also "did what they could."

"NIUNE, OR SAVAGE ISLAND, May 8th, 1865.

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS—We are anxiously waiting to hear something about the new missionary ship. It is a year ago since our good old ship the 'John Williams' went down, but we have heard nothing yet about a successor. I wrote to Dr. Tidman soon after we heard of the death of the 'J. W.' and asked him to leave something, if it was only a piece of rope, for the young people of Savage Island to pay for.

"Let me tell you what they have done to help in the work, and how they have done it.

"You know there is no money on Savage Island. No boy or girl has any money, not even a farthing. Their fathers and mothers are no better off, so that collecting cards and missionary boxes are useless here.

"There are only two things, however, which can be prepared as contributions; and these are cocoa nut fibre and cotton: the former is useful for stuffing mattresses, making rope, matting, etc.; the latter you know the use of well enough.

"In January last the children began to prepare fibre as their contributions to the new ship. It is no very easy work preparing it; but the boys and girls had to do it themselves. Many of you have seen the old, dry cocoanuts, as they are sent to England in the husks. The husk is large and thick, full of strong fibres, the long way of the nut. It is only the fibre of the ripe, newly-gathered nuts that is useful, and will sell. The nuts have to be husked, the outside of the husk thrown away, and the inner part well beaten and dried to get out the fibre clean. It has to be beaten well, then put out in the sun to dry. This has to be repeated several times, until the fibre is clean and free from dust. It has then to

be tied up in bundles of about fifty pounds each, when it is ready to be shipped.

"It takes about six nuts on an average to make a pound of fibre, and a pound of fibre fetches 2½d. in Samoa. A boy would have to work several days to get a pound of fibre, and his arms would ache well too.

"For about two months we heard the sound of fibre-beating early and late. Boys and girls—little and big—all worked with a will, to see who would get the most. The first week in April all the contributions were brought in, the children of each settlement bringing their bundles of fibre to us here to be weighed, and then put it in the store-house.

"There was nearly 10,000 lbs. of fibre (9332 lbs.) and 195 lbs. of picked cotton. This, with £1 in money, from our own and the teachers' children, will realize, we expect, £125. This is the Savage Island share in the new ship—£125. Thank God that the children of a small island, which was all dark when the last missionary ship was built, have now raised £125 towards a new ship to take the Word of God to islands still dark. You must not think the above has been from any but the children; the adults were preparing their contributions to the Missionary Society at the same time, and, a fortnight after the children, brought in 15,518 lbs. of fibre and 270 lbs. of cotton, which, with a little cash, is valued at £200.

"Our people are now anxiously waiting for a new ship, and praying that it may soon come, and come *filled with new missionaries.* If there is not one on board for Savage Island, I don't know that the people will let the captain land when he comes.

"And now I must finish this letter. Don't forget Savage Island; but pray that the children may give their hearts, as well as their contributions, to the Saviour.

"I remain,

"Your affectionate Friend,

"W. G. Lawes."

LETTER TO THE CHILDREN ABOUT THE MORNING STAR.

Dear Children:—You will be glad to learn that the effort of the Sabbath Schools to build a new missionary ship is moving on grandly. The word from the Missionary Rooms at Boston is that "already(June 15)contributions are coming to the Treasurer such as to encourage the hope that the effort has been general and generous, and that the needed sum will be received. The vessel will be built at once, and within a few months, it is presumed, will go forth on its errand of love."

The children of the Sabbath Schools in the North-west, who send their money to this office in Chicago, are also doing admirably. Every day brings in many returns, and I am kept very busy in sending out the little books, and the certificates of stock. Some of the things I hear about the children's giving, touch me very much. In the contribution of one school, was a little package by itself, containing sixty-three cents. "It is from little Carrie, now in heaven," said the Superintendent. "She had been saving her money for some such purpose as this, but before the second Sabbath of June came, she had gone home to the Saviour. And now her mother thinks that this is just what Carrie would gladly have done with it, were she alive."

This reminds me of the little verse that a boy contributed with his dollar, for the old Morning Star.

"This gold dollar, once my mother's,
To the missionary packet is given,
And when e'er I see that dear ship,
I shall think of my mother, in heaven."

Some of you will remember a letter which a little girl in Minnesota, four and a half years old, sent to the heathen children, with her ten cents, to help the mission schools. It was written in her baby scrawl, as she pretended, and then her mother took the pen and put it into *English*, taking the words from the little one's lips. I think I must copy it here for those who have not seen it. This was the direction:

"*Dear little heathen children, way down there where they won't let you have any Bibles to read:*

"The heathen must have a Bible to learn about God. They throw their babes into the crocodiles. Dear heathen children, you must pray to Jesus to help you to be good, and watch over you. Dear little heathen children, Judas betrayed Jesus by kis-

sing him, and the naughty men came and led him away, and crucified him. They nailed him to the cross, and stuck a spear in his side. Dear little heathen children, Jesus told that man to put his hand into his side, so he would believe he was Christ. God is in heaven, and I wish you to believe in Jesus—so when you die you will go to heaven."

Was not that a nice letter for a little girl four and a half years old to write? Well, that was two years ago, and now you may be sure she does not forget the Morning Star. She is saving her money to buy a melodeon, and has got ten dollars already. The other day her dog, which was given her when he was a little puppy, having grown so large he was troublesome, had to be sold. He brought four dollars, and one of them she sent me by her father last week for the new missionary ship.

And now children, I must close by hoping that every Sabbath School in the North west will take stock in the Morning Star, and that every child will have an interest in that salvation which she is to carry to the distant Islands of the sea.

Affectionately your friend,

S. J. HUMPHREY.

51 LaSalle St., Chicago, July 6, 1866.

Persons desiring books on missionary topics will find in the list printed below the latest and most valuable works. It is arranged, as a condition of publishing this advertisement here, that any volume of the list shall be furnished Ministers, Sabbath Schools, or Church Libraries, at 20 per cent reduction from the price named, if called for at the store. This notice is given with the simple desire to assist in spreading missionary intelligence among the people.

There can be had at this office as heretofore :

Memorial Volume of the First Fifty Years of the American Board. 464 pages 8vo., $1.25, or adding postage, $1.57.

The Hawaiian Islands. *Their Progress and Condition under Missionary Labors.* By Dr. ANDERSON, Secretary of the Board. Royal 12mo., 450 pages. The retail price of this book is $2.25, but by special arrangement, with the aid of private liberality, it will be furnished to Ministers and students for $1.00, or, adding postage, $1.28.

A large variety of missionary documents furnished on application.

S. J. HUMPHREY,

51 LaSalle St., Chicago. *District Secretary.*

Interesting books about missions and missionaries, for sale by W. G. Holmes, at the Theological and Religious Bookstore, 170 Clark Street, Chicago.

Cyclopœdia of Missions. By the Rev. Harvey Newcomb. Embracing a comprehensive view of all the missionary operations in the world, with thirty missionary maps. Alphabetically arranged, 1 vol., octavo, $5.00.

Social Life of the Chinese. With some account of their religious, governmental, educational, and business customs and opinions. By Rev. Justus Doolittle, fourteen years a missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. With over one hundred and fifty illustrations. 2 vols., $5.00.

The Missionary Sisters. A memorial of Mrs. S. H. Everett and Mrs. H. M. Hamlin, late missionaries of the A. B. C. F. M. at Constantinople. By Mrs. M. G. Benjamin, $1.25.

Memoir of the Rev. David Tappan Stoddard, Missionary to the Nestorians. By Joseph P. Thompson, D.D., with portrait, $1.25.

Dr. Grant and the Mountain Nestorians. By Rev. Thomas Laurie, with portrait and map of the country, $1.50.

Woman and her Saviour in Persia. By a returned missionary, with five illustrations and a map of the country, $1.25.

The Rainbow in the North. A short account of the establishment of Christianity in Rupert's Land. By S. Tucker, 90 cts.

Africa's Mountain Valley, or, the Church in Regent's Town. By the author of Ministering children, 75 cts.

Livingston's Travels and Explorations in Africa. With illustrations and map, $5.00.

Livingston's Travels on the Zambesi. With illustrations and maps, $5.00.

Memoir of Walter M. Lowrie, Missionary to China. Edited by his father. $1.25.

Praying and Working, or some account of what men can do when in earnest. By the Rev. Stevenson, 75 cts.

Memoir of Rev. Henry Lobdell, M.D., late Missionary of the American Board at Mosul. By Rev. W. S. Tyler, D.D. $1.25

The Life of John Brainerd, brother of David Brainerd, and his successor as missionary to the Indians of New Jersey. By Rev. Thomas Brainerd D.D. $2.50.

Missionary Life in Persia. Being glimpses of a quarter of a century of labors among the Nestorians. By Rev. Justin Perkins, D.D., with illustrations. 80 cts.

The Martyrs of Lebanon. By Rev. Isaac Bird, with introduction by Rev. Joel Hawes, D.D. 80 cts.

Scenes in the Hawaiian Islands and California. By Mary E. Anderson, daughter of Rev. Dr. Anderson of the A. B. C. F. M. Illustrated. $1.00

The Persian Flower. A Memoir of Judith Grant Perkins, of Oroomiah, Persia. 75 cts.

The Gospel among the Caffirs, or the story of Mr. Moffatt and his labors in South Africa. 85 cts.

Missions and Martyrs in Madagascar. Illustrated. 80 cts.

Five Years in China, or, the Factory Boy made a Missionary. The life and observations of the Rev. Wm. Atchison, late missionary to China. By Rev. Chas. P. Bush. $1.25.

The Martyr of Sumatra. A memoir of Henry Lyman. $1.50.

Egypt's Princes: A narrative of missionary labors in the valley of the Nile. By the Rev. Gulian Lansing, D.D. $1.50.

Memoir of Richard Williams, the Patagonian Missionary. By the Rev. James Hamilton, D.D. $1.00.

Zulu Land, or, Life among the Zulu Caffirs of South Africa, with map and illustrations. By the Rev. Louis Grout, fifteen years a missionary of the American Board. $2.00.

The Martyred Missionaries. A memorial of the Futteguhr mission, with remarks on the Indian Mutiny. By J. Johnston Walsh, the survivor of the Futteguhr Missionaries. $2.00.

Light on the Dark River, Memorials of Mrs. Hamlin, missionary in Turkey. By Margarette Wood Lawrence. $1.50.

Abbeokuta, or, Sunrise within the Tropics. An outline of the origin and progress of the Yoruba Mission. By Miss Tucker. 90 cts.

Any of the foregoing list of Books will be sent by mail post-paid on receipt of the price.

W. G. HOLMES'

SABBATH-SCHOOL AND RELIGIOUS

BOOK DEPOSITORY,

170 Clark Street, Chicago.

The Subscriber has the largest assortment of

Religious and Theological Books

IN THE NORTH-WEST,

Comprising the publications of the

American Tract Society, Robt. Carter & Brothers, Gould & Lincoln, Scribner, Hoyt, Martiens, Presbyterian Board of Publication, Presbyterian Publishing Committee, Boston Tract Society, and many other leading Publishers.

SABBATH SCHOOL BOOKS IN GREAT VARIETY.

He is prepared to furnish any or all of the Publications of the various S. S. Societies at the regular catalogue Price.